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The Girl in the Mirror

Alexa Bills

nubbinnubs@gmail.com

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Myself

Logan, Utah

November 11, 2018

"The Girl in the Mirror"

Memorate

Informant:

My name is Alexa Bills. I am 17 years old and am currently attending classes at Utah State University through an early college program at Intech Collegiate High school. I have always lived in Utah, residing in Tremonton for the first 12 years, and North Logan for the rest. I grew up in the LDS church, and have a long family history within it. I, however, no longer affiliate myself with any religious organizations, identifying as agnostic. I don't know if I believe in ghosts. I tell people that I don't but deep down there is an inkling of belief.

Context:

This is a story that I almost never tell. I only have two memories of doing so, once with a coworker at Charlie's Ice-cream, and again with my cousin. Both times I did so during one of those conversations you have trying to one-up each other with creepy experiences. Both of these people I trusted, I knew they would keep the story to themselves and wouldn't poke fun at me. So I told them the story, wanting to hear what they thought.

Text:

I'm not sure how old I was, when this happened. I was still wearing the fleece nightgowns that my grandmother used to make me for Christmas, so I know I was at least under ten. Probably eight or nine. Other than the unsurity of my age, however, this memory, is one of the clearest I have from this point of my life. I was in Tremonton, in my old room that was Pepto-Bismol pink. In this room I had a fairly large walk-in closet, which is really quite bougie for an eight or nine year old. The door to this closet was always left open, and that day my mom had left a mirror leaning up against the open door. The mirror was the size you would usually see attached on a dresser, I would put it somewhere in the medium range as far as mirrors go. It had rounded corners at the bottom and a slight point at the top. The shape of some chapel windows. It was gold and ornate with little leaves carved along its edges. Again very bougie for an eight or nine. Every night before I went to bed I used to pray, because at this age, I was still the good little Mormon girl. So that's what I did that night, I knelt down and prayed. When I said the

final line of all my prayers “in the name of thy son Jesus Christ, Amen.” I looked up, and saw her. I saw the figure of a girl, about my age reflected in the mirror along with me. She was kneeling down at the side of my bed, like I had been. Her arms folded and her head bowed down. She was wearing a nightgown, but it was very different from my own, it was stark white, and ruffely. The kind of ornate old fashioned nightgown looking garment that I would compare to that of which a baby would wear to its first blessing. Having seen this, I immediately freaked the fuck out. Jumping up and stomping where I thought the person would be, which happened to be right next to me. Then I hurled myself into bed and stayed there all night with the covers pulled taught over my head. The next day I had my dad take the mirror downstairs, so I wouldn’t have to see it. I didn’t tell him why, he just indulged me without question. He probably just thought that any reason this little girl would have, was probably a stupid one anyway. A couple of years later, when we were packing up to move, my mom pulled the mirror out of the basement and asked if I wanted it hung up in my new room. I told her no. I don’t know what we did with it, I haven’t seen it since, we probably donated it to the DI.

Texture:

Telling this story used to give me the creeps, the shivers that go all along your spine, but now it just makes me sad. It’s probably just a figment of my imagination, but if it isn’t, she just wanted to pray with someone, and I rudely interrupted her by stomping on her face! Even the very thought of a ghost praying, I find depressing. They are still talking to God, even though he abandoned them on Earth, lost and alone.

Alexa Bills
Utah State University
English 2210
Dr. Lynne McNeal
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